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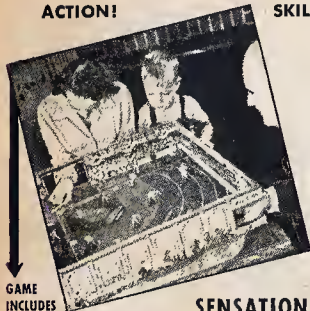
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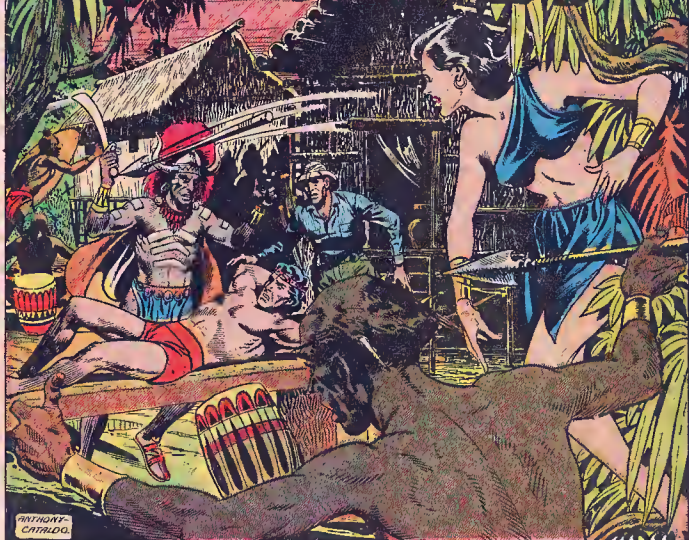


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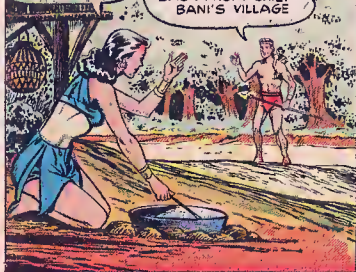
VOODAH



BE BACK BEFORE
DARK, VOODAH?

AYE! KEEP FIRE READY
FOR I'LL HUNT ON WAY
BACK FROM CHIEF
BAN'S VILLAGE

SOON WE LEAVE TRAIL, LITTLE
CHEEKO, AND TAKE SHORT
CUT THROUGH JUNGLE.



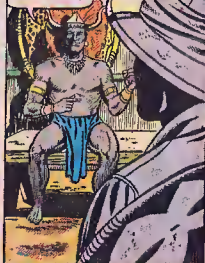


AT THE HEADHUNTER'S VILLAGE...

YOU GET THE REST OF THE BEADS WHEN YOU GET ME CHIEF BANI'S IDOL WITH THE BRIGHT STONE. YOU CAN HAVE ALL HIS WARRIORS' HEADS FOR YOUR OWN.



WE UNDERSTAND, NOW THAT WE HAVE OUR CHIEF, URALI, IN PRISON. WE SEND WARRIORS TO CHIEF BANI FOR IDOL.



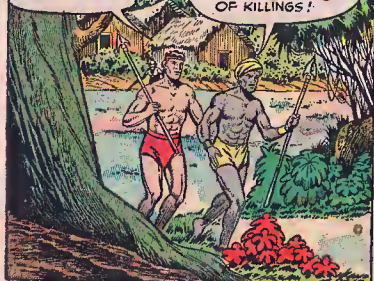
BACK AT BANI'S VILLAGE...

YOU, BROTHERS, BE READY AT ALL TIMES! KEEP WOMEN AND LITTLE ONES INSIDE HUTS. COME, MAMBO!



WE MUST NOT BE SEEN BY HEADHUNTERS, MAMBO!

AYE! WE FOLLOW JUNGLE TRAIL UNTIL WE REACH PLACE OF KILLINGS!

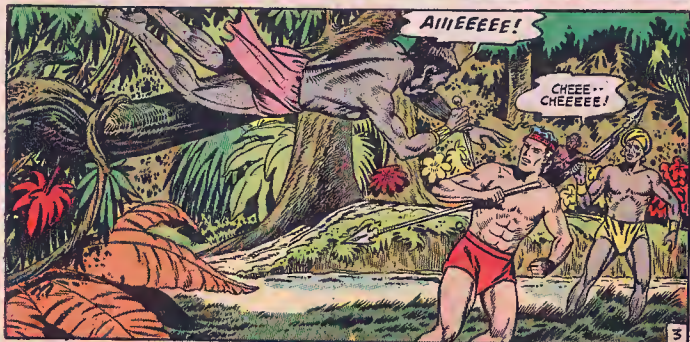


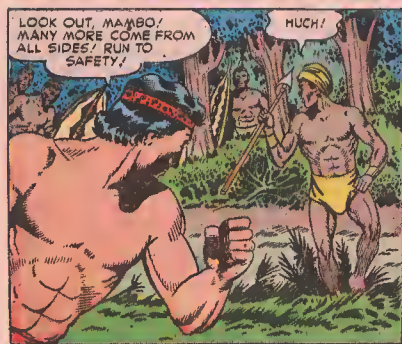
WE NEAR CLEARING WHERE HEADHUNTERS ATTACKED!



AHIIIIIIII!

CHEEE--
CHEEEEE!



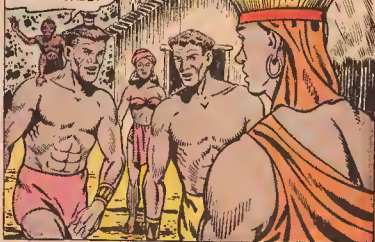




BACK AT BANI VILLAGE...

CHEEKO! VOODAH'S
PET! SOMETHING
WENT WRONG!

CHEEE...
CHEE...CHEE!



GO AT ONCE, TELL
ZANZI OF EVIL
HAPPENINGS.



VOODAH
LATE NOW,
MAYBE MET
TROUBLE.



VOODAH IS
GOOD HUNTER,
LOOK! WARRIOR
FROM CHIEF
BANI
APPROACHES!

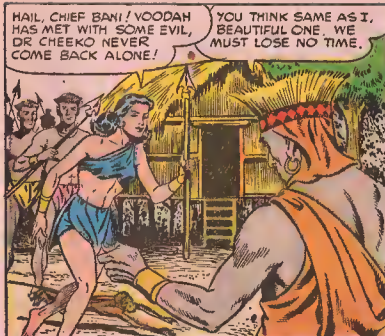
VOODAH AND
MAMBO, GONE
LONG TIME.
ONLY CHEEKO
RETURN.



VOODAH MUST
BE IN DANGER.
COME, BROTHERS,
WE GO TO CHIEF
BANI AND MAKE
PLANS TO FIND
THEM!

ON THEY MARCH TO CHIEF BANI'S VILLAGE...





HAIL, CHIEF BANI! VOODAH HAS MET WITH SOME EVIL, DR CHEEKO NEVER COME BACK ALONE!

YOU THINK SAME AS I, BEAUTIFUL ONE. WE MUST LOSE NO TIME.



YOU STAY--I GO WITH SOME OF YOUR WARRIORS. THE VILLAGE MUST NOT BE UNPROTECTED.

YOU VERY WISE, ZANZI. PICK YOUR WARRIORS...HURRY!



COME, BROTHERS, BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.



BACK AT HEADHUNTERS' VILLAGE, VOODAH IS THROWN IN HUT WITH THE CAPTIVE CHIEF URALI...

I GLAD CHIEF URALI NOT TAKE PART IN EVIL PLAN!

NO, VOODAH, ME AGAINST IT, THAT'S WHY WITCH OCTOR AND WHITE DEVIL TURN MY PEOPLE AGAINST ME.



WHY THEY DO THIS?

WHITE MAN BRIBE WITCH OCTOR TO GET CHIEF BANI'S IDOL WITH BRIGHT STONE. WITCH DOCTOR KILL ANYONE WHO SPOIL PLAN!



AT THE WITCH DOCTOR'S HUT...

AS SOON AS YOU GET VOODAH OUT OF THE WAY, WE ATTACK AND GET THE IDOL.

YES, ME KILL VOODAH FIRST!

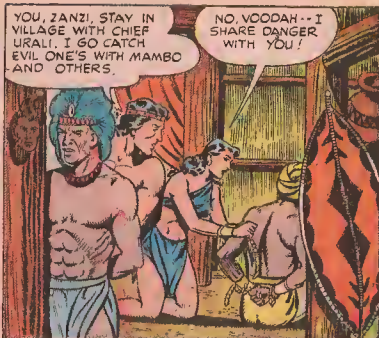






HEAR SHOT, VOODAH?
HURRY, THAT'S EVIL
ONE'S GUN!

WAIT, ZANZI!
WE MUST FREE
MAMBO AND
CHIEF URALI!



YOU, ZANZI, STAY IN
VILLAGE WITH CHIEF
URALI. I GO CATCH
EVIL ONE'S WITH MAMBO
AND OTHERS.

NO, VOODAH-- I
SHARE DANGER
WITH YOU!



CAREFUL, WE NOT
FAR NOW!



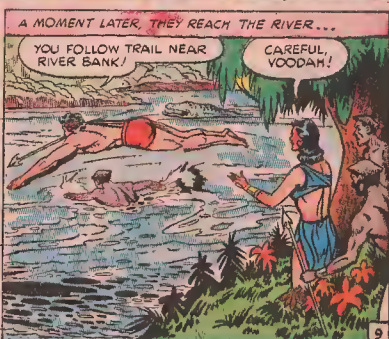
LOOK, VOODAH!
BROTHERS WHO
FOLLOWED EVIL
ONES!

HALT! NOT KILL!
WE COME BACK FOR
PUNISHMENT.



WE KNOW WHERE
THEY HAVE BOAT
HIDDEN AT RIVER.
WE TAKE SHORT
CUT!

GOOD! I'LL
SWIM TO OTHER
SIDE AND BE
READY FOR THEM!



A MOMENT LATER, THEY REACH THE RIVER...

YOU FOLLOW TRAIL NEAR
RIVER BANK!

CAREFUL,
VOODAH!

WAIT TILL THEY REACH
MIDDLE STREAM.
LIKE VOODOAH SAID.
THEN WE ATTACK.



HERE THEY COME, BROTHERS.
HEADED FOR SURE DEATH.
BE READY!



AT THIS MOMENT, ZANZI AND VOODOAH OPEN THE ATTACK FROM OPPOSITE SIDES.



CROCODILES MAKE
AWFUL DEATH.

YES, BUT THEY
WERE EVIL. EVIL
BRINGS PUNISHMENT!



CHIEF BANI, YOU STILL HAVE YOUR
IDOL AND NO MORE OF YOUR PEOPLE
WILL BE KILLED. YOU, CHIEF URALI,
ARE AGAIN HEAD OF YOUR TRIBE.
WE MUST MAKE FEAST FOR ALL
TO REJOICE!



SILVER CITY SHOWDOWN

I TOLD YOU TO GET OUT OF TOWN, DEVERS BUT YOU REFUSED! NOW, I'M SENDIN' YOU OUT,-- IN YORE COFFIN!

SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO,
THE NIGHT OF
AUGUST 9, 1878...

GRADY'S
SALOON

WHEN SILVER CITY'S
FEARED MARSHAL
SLIM DEVILIN, QUIT
LAW MAKING TO RUN
A TRADING POST IN
OLD MEXICO, HE
SWORE NEVER TO
USE HIS DEADLY
BLACKHANDED GUNS
THEN SHOTGUN GRADY
MOVED HIS KILLER
CREW INTO THE TOWN
DEVILIN HAD TAMED AND
FORCED HIM BACK
ACROSS THE BORDER
FOR A... "SILVER CITY
SHOWDOWN."

WHUT'S ALL
THE SHOOTIN'
ABOUT?

SOMEONE
JUST KILLED
CHARLIE
DEVERS!

ETE GREGOR
SADDLE
MAKER

THAT SETTLES
IT! THERE'S
BEEN TOO
MANY KILLIN'S
IN SILVER CITY!
I'M GOIN' TO
MEXICO AND
GIT SLIM
DEVILIN!

HEAR THET,
SHOTGUN?
WANT I
SHOULD
STOP
GREGOR?

LEAVE 'IM BE, HE'S HARMLESS!
THE MAN I WANT STOPPED,--
IS DEVILIN! HE'S GOT TO
COME THROUGH PARADISE
PASS TO REACH TOWN! GET
'IM BEFORE HE DOES!
SAVVY?

REST EASY,
BOSS! WE'LL
GIT 'IM!

24 HOURS LATER, AT DEVILIN'S TRADING-POST,
100 MILES SOUTH OF SILVER CITY...

SLIM!
DEVILIN'!



PETE GREGOR, YOU OLD
DESERT SIDEWINDER!
WHAT BRINGS YOU
TO MEXICO?



TROUBLE, SLIM!
CHARLIE DEVERS WAS
SHOT DOWN AN'
KILLED IN SILVER
CITY LAST NIGHT!

CHARLIE? WHO
DID IT, PETE?



I GOT NO PROOF, BUT I'M
NOMINATIN' SHOTGUN GRADY!
SINCE YOU QUIT SILVER CITY,
GRADY AN' HIS GUN-SLINGER'S
HAVE TOOK OVER! DEVERS WAS
ONE A THE BOYS WITH GUTS
ENOUGH TO BUCK 'IM! GRADY
WARNED 'IM TO GIT OUTTA
TOWN OR DIE! I GUESS
HE BACKED HIS WARNIN'!



I SWORE I'D NEVER WEAR THESE
GUNS AGAIN! BUT CHARLIE WAS
MY FRIEND, A MAN WHO NEVER
HARMED ANOTHER! I'M WEARIN'
THESE GUNS AGAIN, PETE...
BACK TO SILVER CITY!



I FIGURED YOU FOR
TALK LIKE THET, SLIM,
BUT WATCH YORESELF!
I THINK GRADY
KNOWS I CAME
FER YOU!

THAT SUITS
ME FINE! I'M
RIDIN' ON
AHEAD! WE'LL
MEET AGAIN IN
SILVER CITY!



12 HOURS LATER, SLIM DEVILIN CAMPS FOR
THE NIGHT, IN PARADISE PASS...

NEIGHHH

WE'VE GOT COMPANY
COMIN', EH OLD
FELLER? THANKS
FOR WARNIN'!



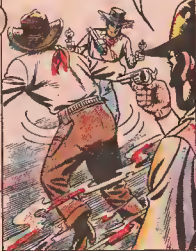
I GUESS IT'S DEVILIN'S CAMP ALL RIGHT, BUT WHERE IS HE? MAYBE HE'S DOWN TO THE SPRING FER WATER! LET'S...



LOOKIN' FOR SOMEONE, BOYS?

DEVILIN! I...?

BLAST 'IM, YOU FOOL! HE'S DEATH WITH THEM GUNS!



RECKON GRADY'LL HAVE TO DO HIS OWN DIRTY WORK NOW, BOYS! YOU SHORE CAN'T DO IT FOR HIM... NOSSIR--NOR FOR ANYONE ELSE!

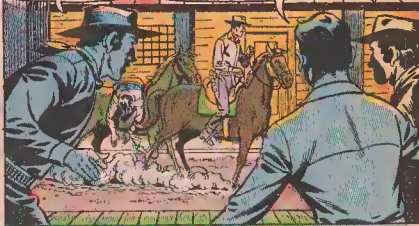


EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, A STRANGE CAVALCADE ENTERS SILVER CITY...

HIT'S SLIM DEVILIN! MAN ALIVE, LOOK WHUT HE'S GOT BEHINT HIM!

THE RINGO BOYS, GRADY'S GUN-SLINGERS! GRADY SHORE AIN'T GONNA LIKE THET!

WONDER WHAR HE'S A TAKIN' 'EM!



I FIGURED THESE BOYS WERE YORE'S GRADY, SO I'M LEAVIN' 'EM WITH YOU!

YOU DID ME A FAVOR, SLIM! NOW I CAN GET YOU LEGALLY! DO YOUR DUTY AS SHERIFF, TINY! ARREST THIS MAN FOR MURDER!



HAND OVER YORE GUNS, DEVILIN!

AND LET YOU SHOOT ME IN THE BACK, AN' CLAIM I TRIED TO ESCAPE? KEEP BACK, LESS YOU WANT TO SMELL GUNSMOKE!



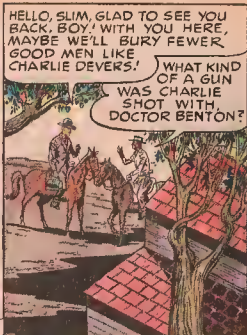
DO LIKE HE SAYS, TINY! I JUST WANTED HIM ON RECORD AS DEFYING THE LAW! YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS, SLIM? YOU'RE MARKED! GET OUT OF SILVER CITY OR DIE!

WHEN I'M READY, GRADY! UNTIL THEN, KEEP YORE HIRED COYOTES OUTTA MY WAY!



HELLO, SLIM, GLAD TO SEE YOU BACK, BOY! WITH YOU HERE, MAYBE WE'LL BURY FEWER GOOD MEN LIKE CHARLIE DEVERS!

WHAT KIND OF A GUN WAS CHARLIE SHOT WITH, DOCTOR BENTON?



A SHOTGUN, SLIM! AND ACCORDING TO THE WIDER POWDER BURN-AREA AROUND THE WOUND, IT WAS A SAWED-OFF ONE--LIKE GRADY USES!

THANKS, DOC! THAT'S WHAT I WANTED TO KNOW!



THE NEXT DAY...

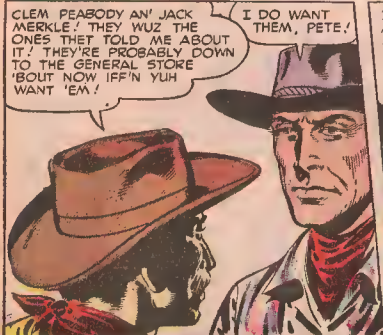
HEY, SLIM...!

HELLO, PETE I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE BACK YET! LISTEN! WHO FOUND CHARLIE'S BODY THAT NIGHT?



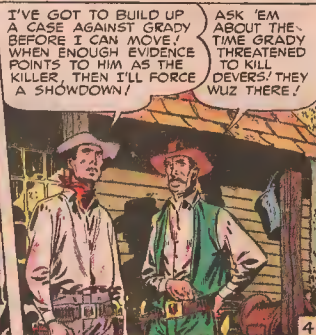
CLEM PEABODY AN' JACK MERKLE! THEY WUZ THE ONES THEY TOLD ME ABOUT IT! THEY'RE PROBABLY DOWN TO THE GENERAL STORE 'BOUT NOW IFF'N YUH WANT 'EM!

I DO WANT THEM, PETE!



I'VE GOT TO BUILD UP A CASE AGAINST GRADY BEFORE I CAN MOVE! WHEN ENOUGH EVIDENCE POINTS TO HIM AS THE KILLER, THEN I'LL FORCE A SHOWDOWN!

ASK 'EM ABOUT THE TIME GRADY THREATENED TO KILL DEVERS! THEY WUZ THERE!



ALL DAY, SLIM ROAMS THE TOWN, ASKING QUESTIONS...

SURE, JACK AN' ME HEARD GRADY THREATEN DEVERS! HE TOLD 'IM TO GIT OUT OF TOWN OR HE'D KILL 'IM!

YEP! GRADY SHORE SAID THET! CHARLIE WUZ TRYING TO GIT THE FOLKS IN TOWN TO CHASE GRADY AN' HIS GANG OUT!



DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT DEVERS' DEATH, FRANK?

JEST WHUT I HEARD, BUT I C'N TELL YUH THIS, SLIM! DEVERS WASN'T THE ONLY ONE TO DIE FROM SHOTGUN POISONIN'! THERE WUZ OTHERS, AN' ALL FOLKS WHO STOOD UP TO GRADY!



DEVILIN'S GITTIN' TOO ALMIGHTY CURIOUS!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN GRADY'S PRIVATE OFFICE...

I'M TELLING YUH, BOSS SLIM'S ASKIN' FLENTY OF QUESTIONS, AN' HE'S GETTIN' SOME PRETTY CLOSE ANSWERS!

YUH BETTER TAKE CARE OF DEVILIN, BOSS! IF HE GITTS ENOUGH EVIDENCE HE C'N BRING IN A U.S. MARSHAL!



YOU'RE RIGHT, DRISCOLL, AN' THAT'S SOMETHING WE CAN'T AFFORD! TINY! FORM A POSSE OUT OF THE BOYS WE CAN TRUST AND GET DEVILIN! I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU TO GET HIM -- -- DEAD

YUH SHORE DON'T, GRADY!



WHILE TINY GARSON FORMS THE POSSE, DEVILIN TALKS OVER HIS DAY WITH PETE GREGOR...

SO, YOU COME UP WITH A LOTTA WORDS, BUT NO REAL EVIDENCE AGAINST GRADY, SLIM?

THAT'S RIGHT, PETE! IF I ONLY HAD SOME THING SOLD, SOMETHIN' TO FORCE HIS HAND WITH! I--? WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE WORKIN' ON? IT LOOKS FAMILIAR!



HIT SHOULD BE! IT'S LIKE ONE A THEM ORNAMENTS THET DECORATE GRADY'S HAT-BAND! HE LOST ONE AN' ASKED ME TO MAKE 'IM ONE TO REPLACE HIT!

SAY! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA! WHEN...?

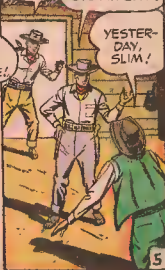
SLIM! PETE! TINY'S ORGANIZING A POSSE!



THEY'RE OUT TO GIT YUH, SLIM!

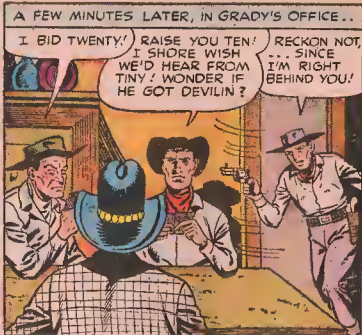
WHEN DID GRADY ORDER THAT ORNAMENT?

YESTER-DAY, SLIM!





AFTER CHARLIE DEVER WAS KILLED! GOOD! THERE'S A CHANCE I CAN BLUFF GRADY AND FORCE A SHOWDOWN. GIVE ME THAT ORNAMENT AN' LISTEN CLOSELY!



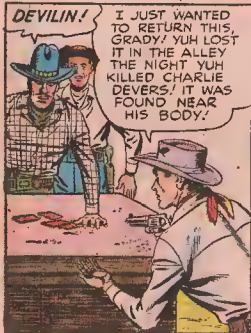
A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN GRADY'S OFFICE...

I BID TWENTY!

RAISE YOU TEN!

I SHORE WISH WE'D HEAR FROM TINY! WONDER IF HE GOT DEVILIN'?

RECKON NOT, ... SINCE I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU!



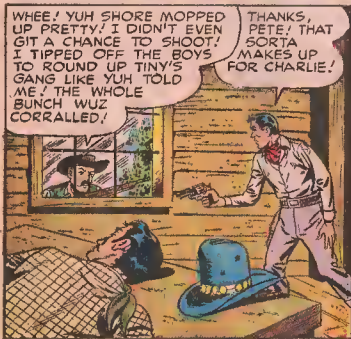
DEVILIN'!

I JUST WANTED TO RETURN THIS, GRADY! YUH LOST IT IN THE ALLEY THE NIGHT YUH KILLED CHARLIE DEVERS! IT WAS FOUND NEAR HIS BODY!



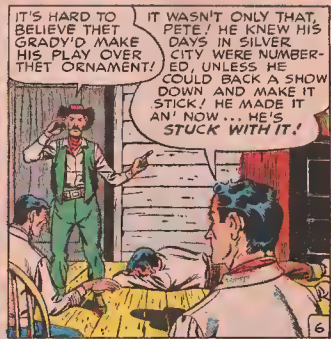
GUESS I WAS A MIGHT CARELESS THAT NIGHT, SLIM! YES, I KILLED DEVERS, JUST LIKE I'M GONNA KILL YOU! GET 'IM BOYS!

I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR THIS, GRADY!



WHEE! YUH SHORE MOPPED UP PRETTY! I DIDN'T EVEN GIT A CHANCE TO SHOOT! I TIPPED OFF THE BOYS TO ROUND UP TINY'S GANG LIKE YUH TOLD ME! THE WHOLE BUNCH WUZ CORRALLED!

THANKS, PETE! THAT SORTA MAKES UP FOR CHARLIE!



IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THET GRADY'D MAKE HIS PLAY OVER THET ORNAMENT!

IT WASN'T ONLY THAT, PETE! HE KNEW HIS DAYS IN SILVER CITY WERE NUMBER-ED, UNLESS HE COULD BACK A SHOW DOWN AND MAKE IT STICK! HE MADE IT AN' NOW ... HE'S STUCK WITH IT!

Minnie Soo

LITTLE HAHA
and
TONKA

LOOK, MINNIE! A FUNNY LOOKIN'
MAN... AN' HE CAN'T BE
AN INDIAN!

HE'S ODD-LOOKING!
HE HAS A BEARD!
WHAT KIND OF A MAN
IS THAT?



HEIMDAHL

BUT, MINNIE... HE ISN'T
BROWN LIKE AN INDIAN!
HE LOOKS KINDA
PALE! MEBBE
HE'S SICK!

HE MUST
BE FROM
SOME STRANGE
TRIBE!



HOW! COME OUT, YOUNG
BUCK! I SEE YA!
HOW!





AN' BRING TH' PRINCESS, TOO!
HEH HEH, WHAT TRIBE
YA FROM?

MINNIE AND LITTLE HAHA CAN'T
UNDERSTAND THE STRANGER,
BUT BY MEANS OF SIGNS, THEY
INVITE HIM TO THE VILLAGE!



THE STRANGE MAN CREATES A STIR IN THE
VILLAGE WITH HIS FOREIGN TALK
AND ODD APPEARANCE!

THE SOO KNOW NOT
YOUR SPEECH, BUT
YOU ARE WELCOME
IN OUR LODGES!

HOW!

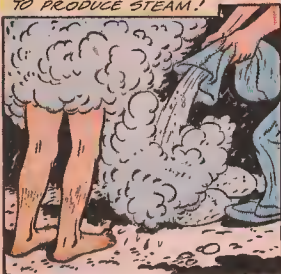
MEBBE BY
SIGNS, WE CN
UNDERSTAND
EACH OTHER!



LOOK! HIS FACE NOT
DARK LIKE SOO!
STRANGER OF THE
WHITE BEARD LOOKS
PALE IN THE FACE!
MEBBE SICK!
HEAT STONES IN
STEAM LODGE, QUICK!



BELIEVING HIM ILL, WHITE BEARD,
AS THEY CALL HIM, IS PUT IN
THE STEAM TEEPEE. WATER
IS POURED ON THE HOT ROCKS
TO PRODUCE STEAM!



AFTER A GOOD STEAMING, WHITE BEARD
IS TOSSED INTO THE COLD WATER CREEK!



AS HE DRIES AND DRESSES, THE SOO HAVE
POUNCED UPON HIS STRANGE WEAPON,
AND LOOK AT IT IN WONDER!



THE WHITE BEARD TEACHES THE SMOO THE NAME OF HIS WEAPON!



AT THIS TIME, AFTER A LONG JOURNEY FROM THE EAST, NOTORIOUS BIG MIKE, WITH TWO OF HIS HENCHMEN, HAVE COME INTO THE UNCHARTERED LAND OF THE SMOO, IN SEARCH FOR MORE TERRITORY RICH IN FURS!



MEN! WE MUST BE TH' FIRST WHITE MEN TO COME TO THIS COUNTRY! THIS FOREST IS FULL O' GAME! WONDER WHAT TRIBE O' RED DEVILS ROAM HERE 'BOUTS?



WE'LL MAKE PEACE WITH TH' VARMINTS, AN' GET THEIR FURS CHEAP!

YEAH, CHEAP BUT HONEST!

SURE! HONEST! HAW, HAW!

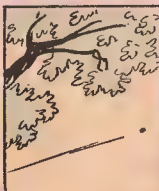


BACK IN THE SMOO VILLAGE...

SEE THAT ARRER IN THAT TREE YONDER? WATCH ME CLIP TH' FEATHERS NEAT AS A FIRIN' PIN!



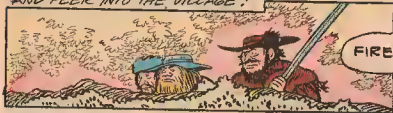
THE UNSEEN RIFLE BALL CLIPS THE FEATHERS AND WHINES THROUGH THE FOLIAGE INTO THE WOODS...



HEY! GET INTA COVER, MEN! SOME BLASTED FOOL IS TAKIN' POT-SHOTS AT US!



AFTER A LONG WAIT, THE THREE RENEGADES CREEP TO THE TOP OF THE RIDGE, AND PEER INTO THE VILLAGE.



FIRE-STICK!

THE SOO COME OUT FROM HIDING AFTER RUNNING FROM THE EXPLOSION OF WHITE BEARD'S RIFLE!



THAT'S POWERFUL MEDICINE, MINNIE!

WHITE BEARD MUST BE GREAT WARRIOR FROM OTHER LAND!



JEHOSAPHAT! D'YA SEE WHAT I SEE? THAT WHITE BEARDED RASCAL IS JOE HEWIT, TH' SCUM WHO DID US WRONG BACK IN TH' GREEN MOUNTAINS!

WONDER WHAT TH' OL' LEATHER-BEAK IS COOKIN' UP NOW?



WE GOTTA SPOIL HIS FUN! IF N HE'S IN GOOD WITH THESE REDSKINS, IT MEANS BAD FER WE' UNS!



SO BIG MIKE AND HIS MEN RETREAT FURTHER INTO THE WOODS, PLANNING THEIR REVENGE, AND FINALLY COMING UPON A DEVILISH SCHEME...



IF N WE RIP THESE FISH NETS O' THE VARMINTS, AN' LEAVE A FEW RIFLE BALLS ABOUT, HEWIT'LL GET TH' BLAME FER IT!

AN' IF N WE SHOOT A DEER AN' LEAVE TH' CARCASS T' ROT, HE'LL GET BLAMED FER BEIN' BAD MEDICINE FER TH' HUNTERS! WE'LL FIX 'IM UP GOOD AN' BAD!



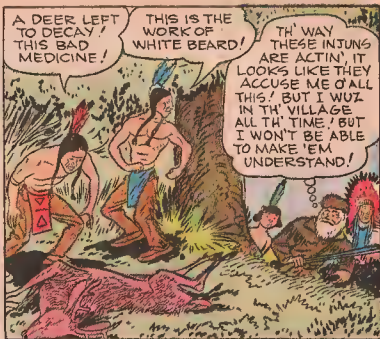
NEXT DAY...

COME! SOMEONE HAS TORN THE FISH NETS! ENEMIES MUST BE NEAR!





LOOK! A BALL FROM THE FIRE STICK! YOU WOULDN'T DO THIS, WOULD YOU, WHITE BEARD?



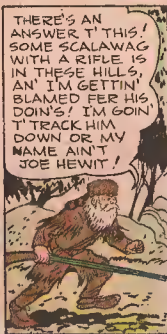
A DEER LEFT TO DECAY! THIS BAD MEDICINE!

THIS IS THE WORK OF WHITE BEARD!

TH' WAY THESE INJUNS ARE ACTIN', IT LOOKS LIKE THEY ACCUSE ME O' ALL THIS! BUT I WUZ IN TH' VILLAGE ALL TH' TIME, BUT I WON'T BE ABLE TO MAKE 'EM UNDERSTAND!



I, CHIEF BIG PANTHER, BANISH WHITE BEARD FROM THE SOO COUNTRY! YOU BAD MEDICINE! GO! DO NOT RETURN!



THERE'S AN ANSWER T' THIS! SOME SCALAWAG WITH A RIFLE IS IN THESE HILLS, AN' I'M GETTIN' BLAMED FER HIS DOIN'S! I'M GOIN' T' TRACK HIM DOWN OR MY NAME AIN'T JOE HEWIT!



WHOOOPS! WHAT'S THIS ?? AN' INJUN DEADER'N A DOOR NAIL! AN' SHOT WITH A RIFLE...WHEW! THIS IS GETTIN' HOT! IT SMELLS LIKE SOMEBODY IS AIMIN' T' GET MY HAIR LIFTED BY TH' SOO!

AS JOE HEWIT IS LOOKING FOR TRACKS OF THE KILLER, TWO SOO HUNTERS COME UPON HIM



ENRAGED AT WHAT THEY SEE TIED TO THE TREE, THEY TURN UPON THE WHITE BEARD FOR REVENGE!



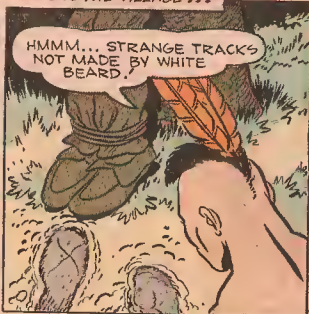
AS THE SOO ARE ABOUT TO TAKE CARE OF WHITE BEARD, TONKA, THE THIRD MEMBER OF THE HUNTING PARTY APPEARS!



STOP!



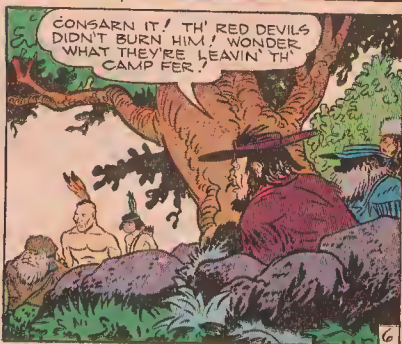
AS THE WHITE BEARD IS TAKEN BY THE SOO TO THE VILLAGE...



THE DECISION OF THE HIGH COUNCIL IS: WHITE BEARD MUST DIE AT THE STAKE!



AFTER MUCH GRUMBLING AND SPEAR-SHAKING, WHITE BEARD IS RELEASED FROM THE TORTURE POLE, AND ALL GO TO THE SCENE OF THE ATTACK!





BIG MIKE, SURE OF ENTANGLING
JOE HEWIT, SIGNS TO TONKA THAT
HE SAW THE WHITE BEARD ATTACK
THE SOO!



TONKA NOTICES THE PECULIAR
FOOT PRINTS MADE BY BIG MIKE!



**TONKA PULLS OFF ONE OF
BIG MIKE'S MOCCASINS...**



SEE! MARK ON
SOLE OF
MOCCASIN IS
SAME AS
TRACK IN MUD
MADE NEAR
GOO HUNTER!



YA BLASTED REDSKIN!
IF BIG MIKE HAS GOT TO
GO, YER GOIN' WIT'
ME!



**LITTLE HAHA WHIPS OUT AN ARROW
AND LET'S FLY —**



OW!
MY ARM!



**BIG MIKE AND HIS TWO CRONIES,
ARE TAKEN TO THE GOO VILLAGE
WHERE THEY WILL PAY FOR
THEIR CRIMES.**



LITTLE HAHA SAVE TONKA'S
LIFE! GOO WILL SHOW NO
MERCY TO PALEFACE
MAN!



THINK FAST

by Paul Norton

Bob Turner, the Centerville Bulldogs' center, missed one easy shot after another. It was an important basketball game, so the coach pulled him at the half. His team-mates had expected too much of him. He wasn't a hero, but they'd expected him to be one. All because his dad, Charles Turner, was a real hero.

Everywhere Bob turned that day before the game the fellows were talking about Charles Turner's exploits. "Didja read it, Spike?" Golly, he kicked 'em right in the pants . . ." Stuff like that.

Yes, his dad was a swell guy, and there was no doubt that he was brave. The newspapers had all printed his picture along with rogue gallery photos of the three tough mugs who'd tried to hold up the Flyer to rob the mail car. The papers told how the crooks climbed into the cab and ordered Charles Turner, the engineer, to stop the train. And how Turner dived into the crooks and rough-housed them plenty.

Bob's dad had been a star boxer when he was in college and he hadn't forgotten how to use his dukes. One of the robbers escaped by jumping off the speeding train. But the police said they'd have him in jail within a week because the two captured robbers had spilled all they knew. The missing crook was "Dirk" Graves, they said.

Bob almost wished his dad wasn't such a well-known hero. Too much was expected of his son. It made him nervous. Everyone expected him to make impossible shots, and he missed even the set-ups. Too much pressure.

The coach patted Bob on the shoulder reassuringly after the Bulldogs had won the game by a narrow margin—and without Bob Turner's help.

"You'll be okay," the coach said. "I know how it is. You're a little too tense. You got to learn to think before you act—but think last. Kinda try to take it easy, won't you, fella?"

Bob felt a little better then, but he felt a fellow should deliver the goods when the chips are down. Wasn't he any good under pressure? He was afraid not . . .

Bob glanced at his watch as he trotted toward Maple Street where he lived opposite the railroad yards. It was 11:10 p.m. He had to hurry. Dad would be pulling the Flyer through the yards in exactly fifteen minutes.

The street lay on the outskirts of town and was poorly lighted. He didn't see the lurking shadow beneath the maple tree in front of the house until it was too late.

"All right, Turner!" a menacing voice snarled. "I been waiting to stick this in your gizzard!"

A long, gleaming knife-blade winked wicked light.

"Hey! What's the idea—?" Bob gulped, instinctively pulling away from the knife.

The man grunted in surprise and caught Bob's arm. "Who're you?" he asked roughly.

"B-Bob Turner."

"Oh," sneered the crook, "Hero Charles Turner's son, huh? This's fine—better'n I expected." He paused, as though weighing a plan in his mind, he jerked a thumb at the house. "Get going, kid. Open up, and I'm right behind you, so no funny stuff."

Bob tried to protest. "You can't go in there! What do you want, mister?"

"It's your old man I'm after," the intruder said, hate making his voice quiver. "I'm makin' a good hero outa him—a dead hero."

Bob stared at the crook. He knew now who he was. Dirk Graves—the train robber who got away. He knew this fellow wasn't making idle threats. The police were looking everywhere for him.

He couldn't argue with that silent, deadly knife. He had to obey. Quietly, he turned his latchkey in the lock, shoved the door open and stepped aside to let Graves enter first.

"Yah—polite, ain'tcha?" sneered Graves. "Go on, get goin'."

Bob shrugged, and led the way through the parlor and turned on the light in the kitchen.

The crook nodded approvingly. "That'll look natural when your old man shows up. And you want to keep on acting natural, kid. Else . . ."

He flicked a thumbnail across the tip of the knife's needle point in a significant gesture.

Bob didn't answer. He swallowed hard and sat down in a kitchen chair. He knew what he had to do. Before his dad stepped through that door he'd yell a warning and grab at that knife. He didn't like to think about what would happen to him. But he had to give his dad a chance.

Dirk Graves paced the floor like a nervous cat. He never got many steps away from Bob, who knew by the way Dirk handled the knife that he was expert with it.

Bob glanced at his wristwatch again . . . 11:24. The Flyer was due through the yards in less than a minute. What would his dad think when he didn't get their signal? He always blinked the kitchen lights—two longs and a short—to let dad know that he was up and would be down to the station after him in the car. When the lights didn't blink, what would he do . . . ? Would he telephone?

The windows began to rattle in their frames as the mail special came pounding into the yards. It whooshed past the house, whistle wailing mournfully into the night. "Did he notice I didn't blink the lights?" Bob wondered.

Dirk Graves watched Bob narrowly. "What's on your mind, kid," he growled.

"Dad phones for me to come after him in the car," Bob blurted. "When I don't answer he'll know something's wrong and call the cops. You better beat it while you can."

Graves looked upset at this information. Then he instructed: "Listen, Kid, when that phone rings, you answer it. And no tricks. You tell him the car's broke down. It won't start, see? And don't say nothing else."

Bob nodded miserably that he understood.

They waited a few minutes more in silence, the clock on the wall pecking away at the seconds.

Suddenly, the telephone shrilled in the silence. Dirk sprang alert and motioned with the knife for Bob to answer. He breathed down Bob's neck, the point of the knife at the boy's back when he picked up the telephone.

"Hello? Hello, dad," he said, in such a steady voice that he surprised himself. "The car's broke

down. I can't get it out of the garage . . . 'Bye."

His hand was shaking when he hung up.

Graves nodded approval. "You played it smart, kid. I see you value your hide."

Then he moved swiftly, shot out a fist and caught Bob under the chin. He felt himself falling . . . falling into blackness.

A thousand stars and moons and flashing lights flickered through his head as he swam back to consciousness. He struggled to rise, but couldn't move his hands or feet. Then he knew he was tied to a chair. And there was a gag in his mouth. That crook had guessed he'd planned to yell a warning before his dad walked into the trap. Bob struggled wildly against his bonds. It was wasted effort. The cord didn't give a fraction of an inch.

Straining his ears he heard a car coming up the street, slow down, then stop in front of the house. That would be dad coming home in a taxi. Dirk Graves crouched behind the door, the knife poised in his right hand.

The back door burst open. Dirk whirled, snarling, drew back his arm to hurl the knife. A shot crashed. Dirk howled in pain. He grabbed his wrist and cursed savagely.

Three uniformed policemen charged into the room and grabbed the would-be killer. "The Chief will be tickled pink to meet you," one of the cops said with satisfaction.

Charles Turner came running in, saw Bob tied to the chair, pulled the gag from his mouth. "You hurt, son?" he asked anxiously.

Bob worked his strained jaws "Naw," he said in relief. "He smacked me on the jaw, but I'm okay."

"How'd you know this rat was waiting for you, Mr. Turner?" the cop in charge asked.

Charles Turner smiled proudly at his son. "Bob, here, didn't signal with the lights like he usually does. That worried me. When I called to find out what was wrong, he tipped me off over the phone. He did some pretty fast, smart thinking when he was in a tough spot. When he said he couldn't get the car out of the garage, I knew someone was listening to what he said.

"You see, we haven't got a garage. But this crook didn't know that!"

BART STEWART

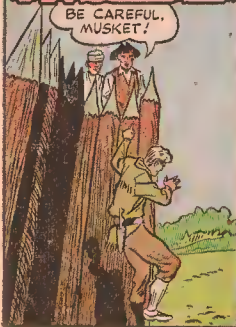
AND THE SMUGGLERS

WHILE BART STEWART WAS IN THE WEST INDIES, INDIAN RAIDS INCREASED AGAINST THE SETTLERS ON THE WESTERN FRONTIER. THE SUCCESS OF THESE INDIAN RAIDERS WAS GREATLY INCREASED BY THEIR USING MUSKETS OF ENGLISH MAKE, WHICH THEY MUST HAVE SECURED BY ILLEGAL MEANS.



AFTER ONE OF THE RAIDS A COURAGEOUS YOUNG MAN DECIDES TO FOLLOW THE REDMEN---

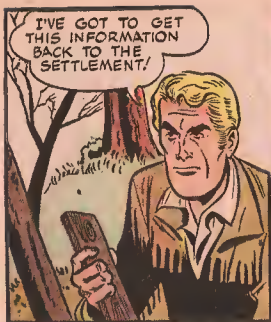
BE CAREFUL, MUSKET!



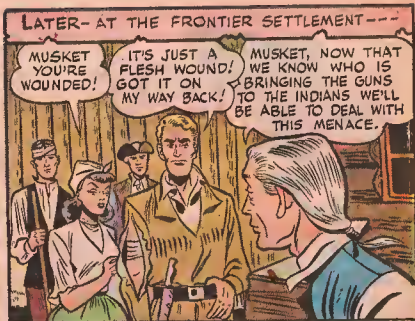
MUSKET STEALS AS CLOSE AS POSSIBLE TO THE INDIAN CAMP---

WHAT'S THIS... BOARDS FROM A PACKING CASE... THIS IS HARD TO BELIEVE!





I'VE GOT TO GET THIS INFORMATION BACK TO THE SETTLEMENT!

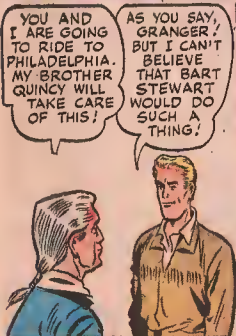


LATER- AT THE FRONTIER SETTLEMENT ---

MUSKET YOU'RE WOUNDED!

IT'S JUST A FLESH WOUND! GOT IT ON MY WAY BACK!

MUSKET, NOW THAT WE KNOW WHO IS BRINGING THE GUNS TO THE INDIANS WE'LL BE ABLE TO DEAL WITH THIS MENACE.



YOU AND I ARE GOING TO RIDE TO PHILADELPHIA. MY BROTHER QUINCY WILL TAKE CARE OF THIS!

AS YOU SAY, GRANGER! BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT BART STEWART WOULD DO SUCH A THING!



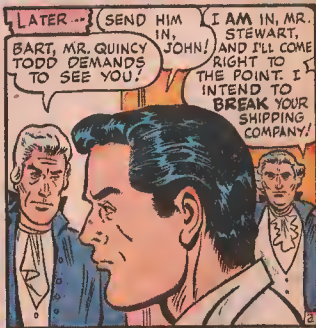
BART STEWART IS SAILING FROM THE CARIBBEAN SEA ON THE "WHITECREST". HIS STURDY SHIP MAKES IT'S WAY NORTH TO THE STEWART SHIPPING COMPANY IN PHILADELPHIA... ALONG THE FLORIDA COAST THEY ARE CAUGHT IN A VIOLENT HURRICANE ---



DAYS LATER...THE "WHITECREST" ARRIVES--

BART YOU WERE AWAY SO LONG WE THOUGHT WE'D NEVER SEE YOU OR THE SHIP AGAIN.

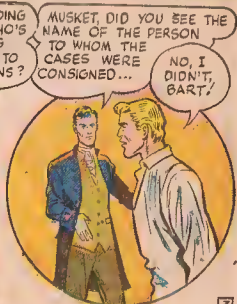
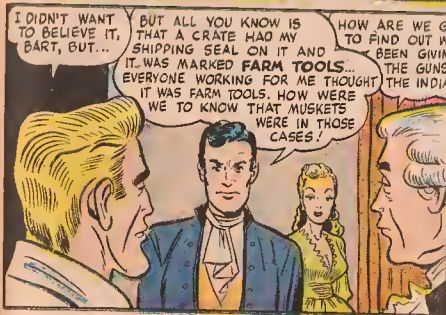
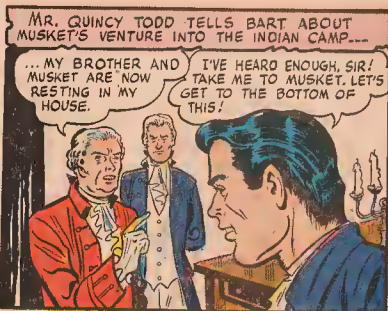
IT WAS ROUGH FOR A WHILE BUT WE PULLED THROUGH. TAKE CARE OF THE MEN WHO WERE HURT...

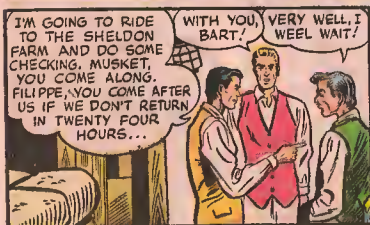
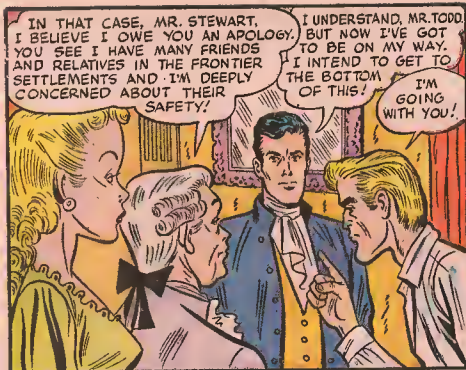


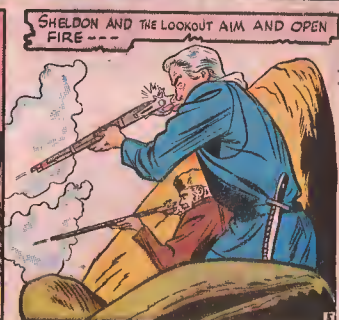
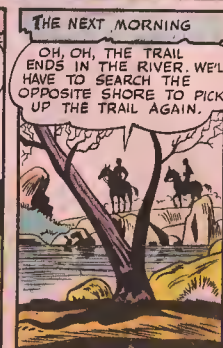
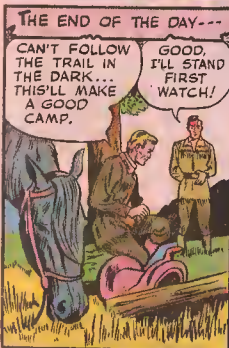
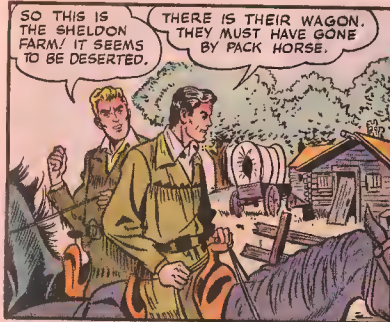
LATER ---

SEND HIM IN, JOHN! BART, MR. QUINCY TODD DEMANDS TO SEE YOU!

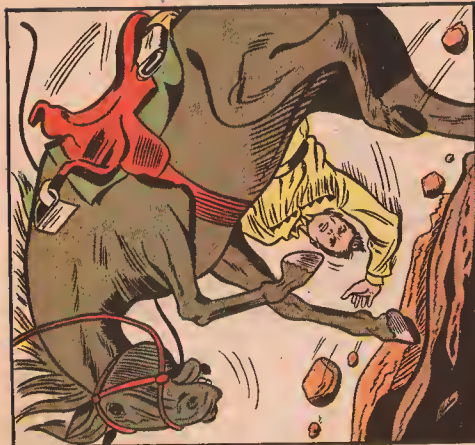
I AM IN, MR. STEWART, AND I'LL COME RIGHT TO THE POINT. I INTEND TO BREAK YOUR SHIPPING COMPANY!







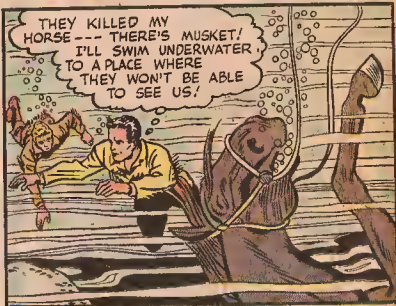
BART AND HIS HORSE
TUMBLE INTO THE
RIVER ---



YEOOWW!
I'LL JOIN BART
IN THE RIVER!

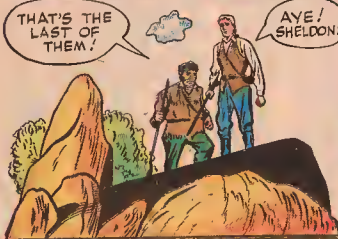


THEY KILLED MY
HORSE --- THERE'S MUSKET!
I'LL SWIM UNDERWATER
TO A PLACE WHERE
THEY WON'T BE ABLE
TO SEE US!



THAT'S THE
LAST OF
THEM!

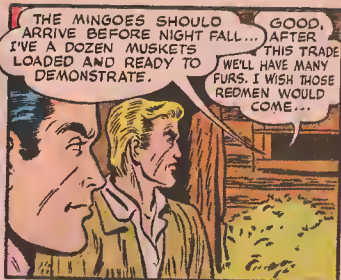
AYE!
SHELDON!



A SHORT
DISTANCE
DOWN RIVER...

WE'LL HAVE TO BE
CAREFUL --- WE
MUST BE NEAR THE
HIDEOUT!





THE INDIANS HAVE ARRIVED, BART. AND THEY'VE BROUGHT PLENTY OF FURS WITH THEM!

THE DEMONSTRATION SHOULD START SOON!

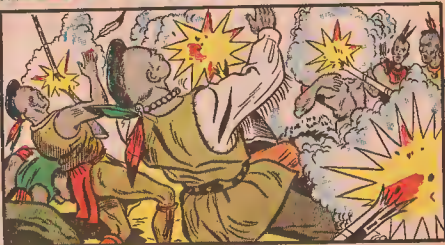


GIVE THEM THE LOADED MUSKETS-- THEY WANT TO TRY THEM BEFORE TRADING!

RIGHTO, BOSS!



'ERE NOW, YOU CAN TRY 'EM PUT IT TO YER SHOULDER --- AIM AND PULL THE TRIGGER---



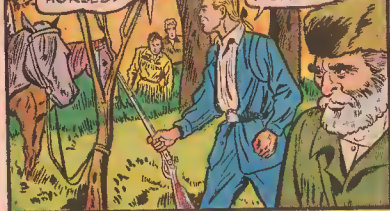
GAD... THAT WAS A DEMONSTRATION... NOW THEY WON'T TRADE - LOOK THE 'MINGOES ARE ANGRY-

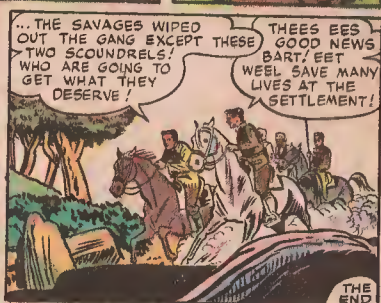
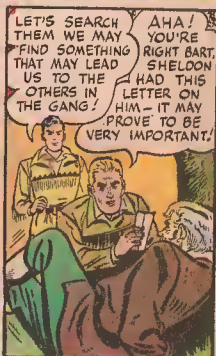
THEY'RE KILLING THE SMUGGLERS!



COME ON, MUSKET WE'LL TAKE THEIR HORSES!

I SAY, SHELDON, I THOUGHT WE SHOT THOSE TWO!



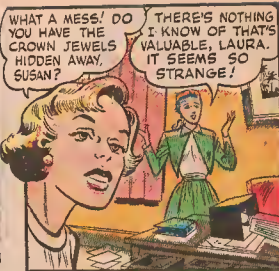


THE END

VIC CUTLER

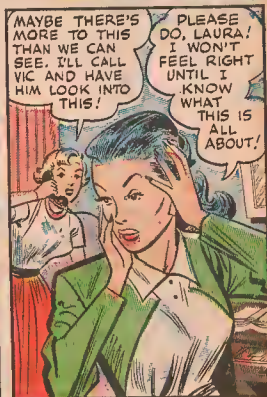
LAURA AMES, VIC CUTLER'S SECRETARY, GOES WITH SUSAN GRANT TO SPEND A WEEKEND IN SUSAN'S COMFORTABLE BUT SECLUDED COTTAGE ON THE LONG ISLAND SHORE. SUSAN HAS INHERITED IT AND A SUBSTANTIAL SUM OF MONEY FROM AN UNCLE WHOM SHE SCARCELY KNEW, (PROVIDING SHE LIVES IN THE COTTAGE FOR A YEAR.)

WHEN THEY ARRIVE, THEY FIND THE COTTAGE RANSACKED — — —



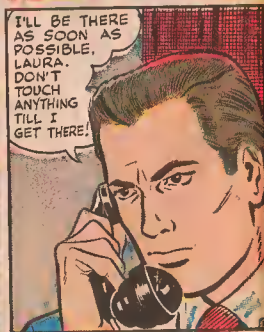
WHAT A MESS! DO YOU HAVE THE CROWN JEWELS HIDDEN AWAY, SUSAN?

THERE'S NOTHING I KNOW OF THAT'S VALUABLE, LAURA. IT SEEMS SO STRANGE!



MAYBE THERE'S MORE TO THIS THAN WE CAN SEE. I'LL CALL VIC AND HAVE HIM LOOK INTO THIS!

PLEASE DO, LAURA! I WON'T FEEL RIGHT UNTIL I KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!



I'LL BE THERE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, LAURA. DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING TILL I GET THERE!

A SHORT WHILE LATER VIC ARRIVES AT SUSAN'S COTTAGE ON LONG ISLAND---



AS VIC LOOKS THINGS OVER SUSAN EXPLAINS HOW SHE INHERITED THE HOUSE---

DO YOU THINK YOU CAN FIND ANYTHING?

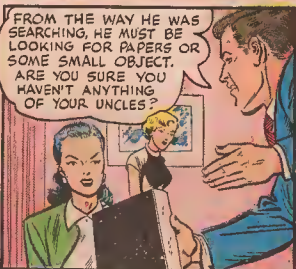
I THINK OUR CARELESS HOUSE-BREAKER LEFT A FEW CLEAR PRINTS ON THIS SHELF. I'LL TAKE A COPY OF THESE FINGERPRINTS TO CAPTAIN MCCASEY. PERHAPS THEY CAN BE IDENTIFIED!



FINDING A CLUE WON'T BE EASY. SMART CROOKS WEAR GLOVES, BUT IT WOULD BE CLUMSY TO GO THROUGH THESE BOOKS WITH GLOVES ON. MAYBE WE'LL FIND A FINGERPRINT!

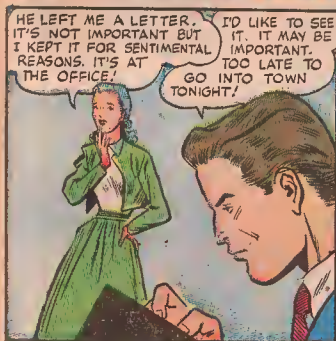


FROM THE WAY HE WAS SEARCHING, HE MUST BE LOOKING FOR PAPERS OR SOME SMALL OBJECT. ARE YOU SURE YOU HAVEN'T ANYTHING OF YOUR UNCLES?



HE LEFT ME A LETTER. IT'S NOT IMPORTANT BUT I KEPT IT FOR SENTIMENTAL REASONS. IT'S AT THE OFFICE!

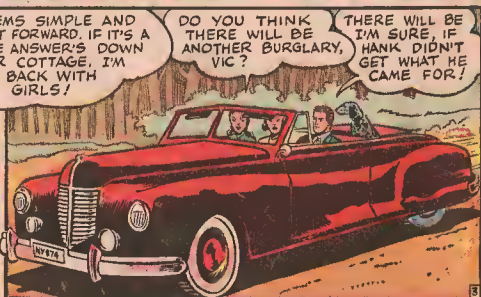
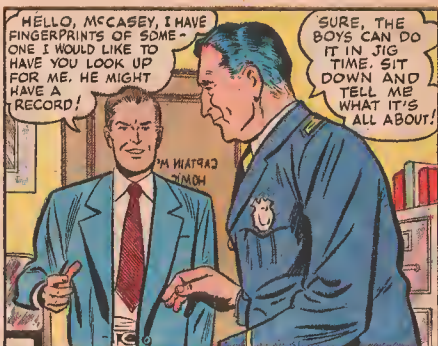
I'D LIKE TO SEE IT. IT MAY BE IMPORTANT. TOO LATE TO GO INTO TOWN TONIGHT!

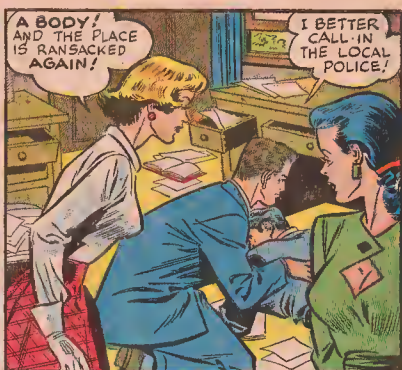


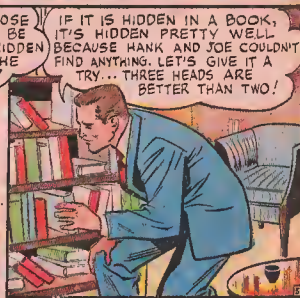
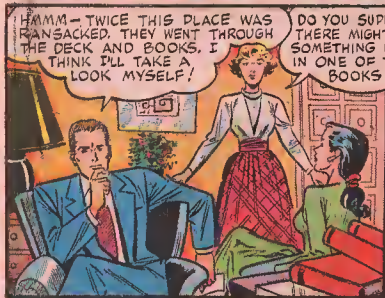
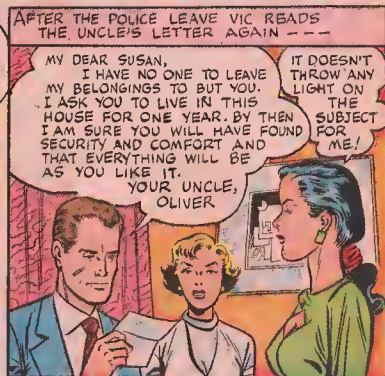
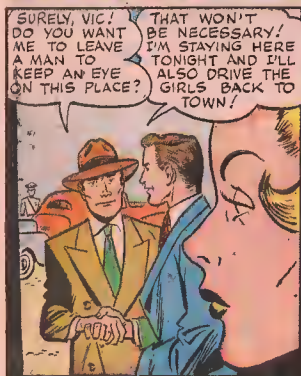
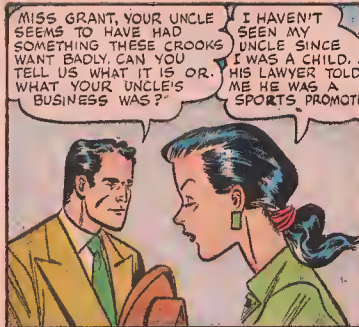
SPEND THE NIGHT HERE, THERE'S PLENTY OF ROOM. I'LL GET THE LETTER FIRST THING IN THE MORNING!

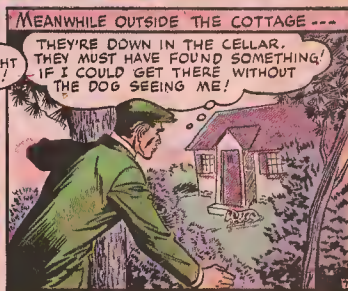
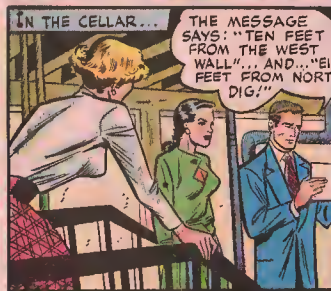
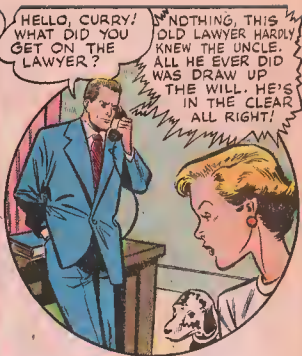
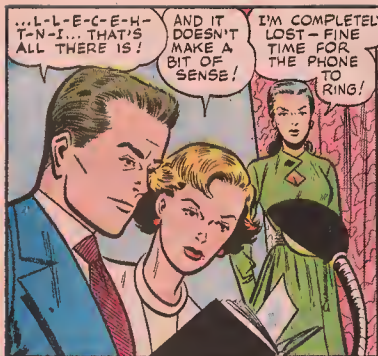
THAT'S AN IDEA, VIC, SUSAN AND I WILL DRIVE INTO TOWN WITH YOU AND WHILE YOU'RE CHECKING THE FINGERPRINTS WE'LL GO TO SUSAN'S OFFICE AND GET HER UNCLES LETTER!

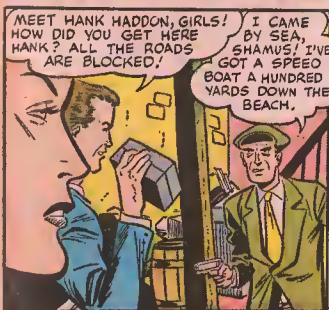
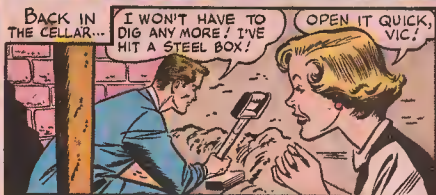
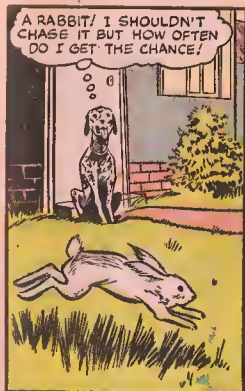


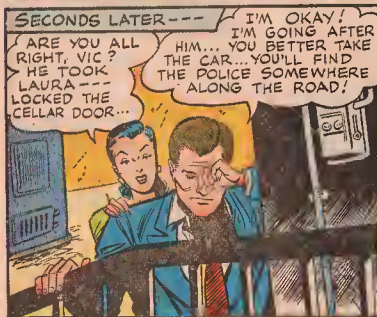
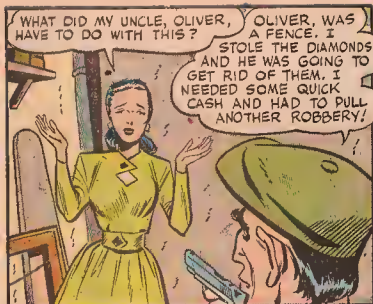


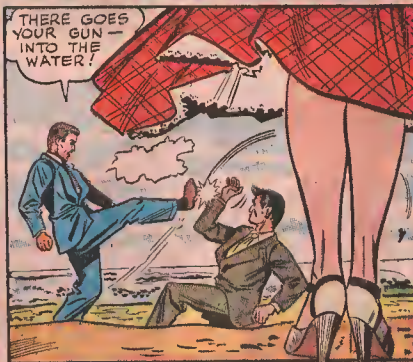
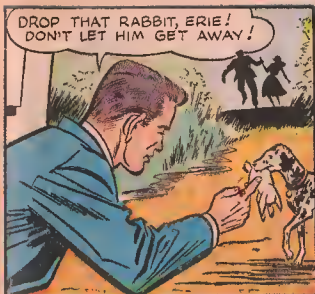


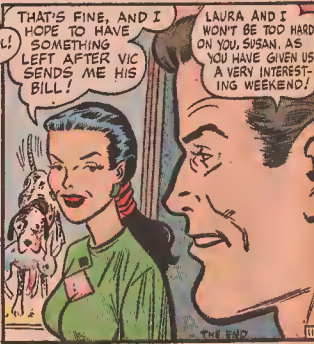
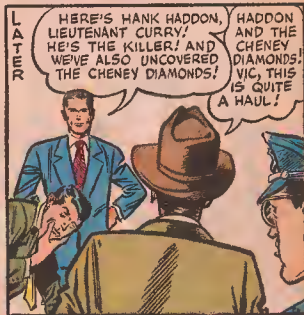




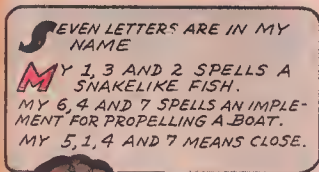
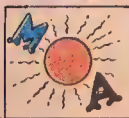
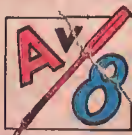
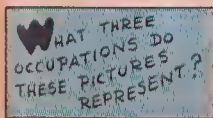
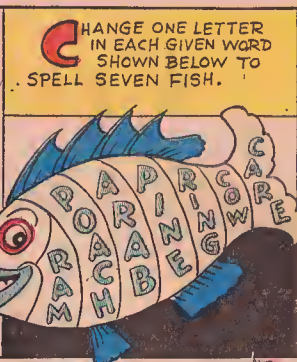
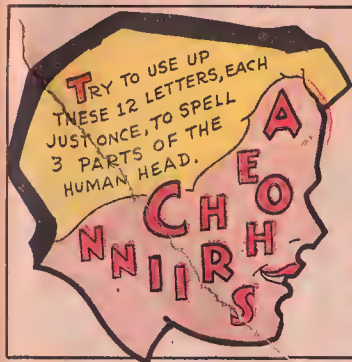




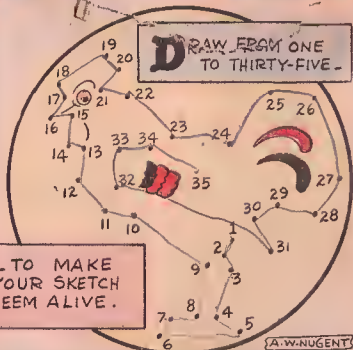




CROWN PUZZLE PAGE



What's my name?



SOLUTIONS:

HUMAN HEAD PUZZLE: HAIR, NOSE AND CHIN.
FISH PROBLEM: RAY, ROACH, CRAB, PIKE, LING, COD AND CARP.
REBUS OCCUPATIONS: AVIATOR, MASON AND SALESMAN.
WHAT'S MY NAME? ELEANOR
1 2 3 4 5 6 7

A.W. NUGENT

For Yourself — For A Gift

NEW 14 Piece Sew-Easy DOUBLE-DECKER WORKBOX KIT



only
\$1.98

**Fitted For Every
Sewing Need**

Includes

- 1 Pr. Scissors,
- 8 Spools of 50 yd cotton thread in assorted colors,
- 3 plastic thimbles, in 3 sizes,
- 1 needle threader,
- 25 needles,
- 1 pincushion.



TOP SWINGS ROUND TO CLOSE BOX

Opens up to put every sewing accessory at your fingertips! From thread, scissor and pincushion on "Top Deck" to thimbles, etc., in "Bottom Deck," which has three sections for tidy storing. QUICK finding. No need to remove spool for thread, it spins on own rod! You'll love DOUBLE-DECKER WORKBOX KIT your friends, too. Bright red and white plastic. Sturdy! Just see it on 10 day trial. A complete handy outfit. Packed in attractive gift box.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

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Rush new, completely outfitted, DOUBLE-DECKER WORKBOX KIT, in attractive gift box, for Only \$1.98

State Quantity _____ ☐ Send C.O.D. I pay postage ☐ I enclose full amount
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DARING *New Look* BEAUTY
WITH ALL-IN-ONE
TRIOLETTE

*It's All
These*

- 1-uplift bra
- 2-waist nipper
- 3-garter belt

Put your figure in style! Look feminine, curvaceous—*instantly*—with new marvelous TRIOLETTE. It's taken New York by storm...it's all the rage with smart girls...because it rounds you enticingly in the right places with never a bulge in the wrong ones! Lightly but cleverly *boned*—to pull in your waist, give fullness to hips, lift bust to alluring firm contours. No matter what shape bosom you have! Magical, you'll agree...and this one little garment does it all! In luxury rayon satin—with revealing lace insets at bust, dainty net edging at top and bottom. Comfortable! Lastex insert, adjustable hook-and-eye back fastening, 4 adjustable garters. Bra straps included, adjustable, easy to attach. New TRIOLETTE costs little more than bra alone! We know you'll be thrilled—your money back if not 100% pleased with your glamorous

"New Look"



BE SMARTLY
STRAPLESS OR
WEAR STRAPS
ALSO
INCLUDED

Costs so little

MAIL COUPON NOW!

For That
Thrilling
NEW LOOK



Have
Tiny Waist
—Full Bosom
FIGURE

figure. A cup, 32 to 36.
B cup, (larger) 32 to 38.
Blue, white or nude.

\$5.95 • BLUE
• WHITE
• NUDE

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Rush your new TRIOLETTE for \$5.95. CUP _____ SIZE _____

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postage. ☐ I enclose \$5.95. You pay postage

1st Color Choice

2nd Color Choice

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Address _____

City, Zone, State _____

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Beautiful Smooth Grain
*ZIPPER BILFOLD

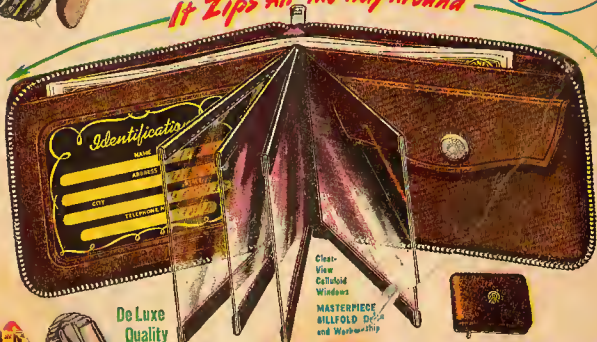
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Handiest Pencil Type
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Monogram Initialed
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and Workmanship



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Features
Precision-tip



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KEY HOLDER
Pliable Plastic

Flashlight has red
plastic reflector for
use as a warning signal



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METAL POCKET
FLASHLIGHT
complete with
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